

ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS, Etc., by ALEX. CUPPAGE

ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS

AND OTHER POEMS

By ALEX. CUPPAGE

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Alex Cuppage -  
-the author.



# *Alone with My Thoughts*

*AND OTHER POEMS*

*By*  
ALEX. CUPPAGE



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## FOREWORD

In presenting this my second book of verse, I only hope the pleasure I have felt in giving expression to the inner man, may reflect to a degree on the readers.

I trust the public may not be too severe in literary criticism : remember that a somewhat sudden change from the plough to the pen—as in my case—should be entitled to at least sympathetic consideration.

THE AUTHOR.



## REVERIE

I sit in the quiet twilight of a silent passing day,  
My thoughts revert to long ago in a retrospective  
way;

I picture life's checkered journey in the dying  
ember's light—

The toils and trials and triumphs that pass before  
me to-night.

While here 'mid the evening quiet comes a  
panoramic view—

The boys and girls of olden days who 'tended the  
old school too,

Their names recall, likes and dislikes, and their  
homes both far and near,

I call their names as teacher did, so few of them  
answer "here."

My mind goes back to moon-lit strolls in the path  
of youthful scenes,

When love and drama there were played and the  
world was stage and screen,

In comedy, drama and love—not acted but real  
the cast,

The purpose and ultimate end may future reveal  
at last.

I sit and I muse, and I dream as mystery of life  
 appears—  
 Lessons we see are oft obscure, and purpose all  
 veiled in years;  
 Not vain is striving towards God—the spirit grows  
 in the strife,  
 With greater knowledge and power to enjoy  
 “abundant life.”

Oft I dwell on the distant past—the things that  
 appeal to me,  
 All beauty I greatly admired—in man, a brook  
 or a tree;  
 What change has the reign of years made—to  
 youth a changed world remains,  
 Change is seen in science and art—and change in  
 my mortal frame.

In the world is change day by day—new things  
 discovered and strange,  
 All is unstable that we see and duly subject to  
 change;  
 Conditions have changed, and they will—severed  
 relation and tie,  
 But the entity called my name is ever, forever I.

## THE CROSS

Uphold it bravely in the strife  
 Honour the cross in every deed—  
 In practice so conform your live  
 To show to all it meets your need.

## DRIFTING

From days that are past—yonder days,  
 When your hope and your love were strong,  
 The world outside with its changing ways  
 As the time passed swiftly along;  
 Is hope maintained, and love loom high  
 And as strong as ever they stood—  
 You're not discouraged at all, and sigh,  
 Nor drifting upon time's flood?

Are days now past when right was right,  
 And you strove to live at your best,  
 When your faith was strong—you prayed aright.  
 And virtuous labour gave rest;  
 Is still your eye on light ahead,  
 Still obeying divine behest,  
 And still by the best of motives led,  
 Or drifting away from the blest?

In days now past, your church meant much,  
 Does her voice yet appeal to you—  
 Or things of the world, pleasure and such,  
 Prevent you from still being true;  
 Her foundation is laid in love  
 And her walls still reach to the sky,  
 And her mission still comes from above,  
 Are you drifting away, and why?

Stroke upon stroke to cross the tide,  
 When you started with heart and will,  
 Bravely you swam for the other side—  
 Are you earnestly striving still;  
 Is your eye still kept on the goal,  
 And does joy in your heart still ring,  
 Still with hope as you wade thro' the shoal,  
 Or drifting like some lifeless thing?

The dead and the helpless will drift,  
 The careless may go with the stream,  
 But the living and striving resist  
 The waters polluted, unclean;  
 A tide is silently flowing,  
 A flowing so deep and so wide,  
 Which way in the stream are you going—  
 A drifting or stemming the tide?

## SALVATION

Salvation, yes! when conscious trust in God is  
 sealed—  
 "Come unto Me," He said, you came, and you  
 were healed;  
 A sense of grateful love awoke within your soul  
 To know your Saviour Lord had died to make you  
 whole,  
 And your sins He bore on cruel Calvary's tree:  
 Thus His salvation you rejoice so full and free.

## THE CRUCIFIX I CARVED

From out His Word my mind conceived  
 The Saviour's form—from head to feet,  
 In untrained skill, as I perceived  
 I penciled all—His cross complete.

Thus I depict Him on the cross—  
 My Saviour Lord whom I adore,  
 By grace divine at countless cost  
 In wondrous love my sins He bore.

I carved the head, in grace so fair,  
 And with the hair, once wet with blood—  
 The crown of thorns had pierced Him there,  
 When in the "Judgment Hall" He stood.

The eyes that wept for others grief  
 I carved them closed so peacefully—  
 In mortal years their vision brief  
 But now behold eternity.

The arms I carved them outstretched wide,  
 Reaching afar to all mankind;  
 They beckon those for whom He died  
 To come, and full atonement find.

I carved the hands—the nail pierced hands.  
 Carved them nailed to the cruel tree—  
 The hands that reached to lowest man  
 In wonderful humility.

I carved the form—not robed as King,  
 But stripped of all the honour due,  
 I marked the place the spear went in—  
 His wounded side, for me, for you.

And earnestly I strove complete  
 That sacred form in detail grim;  
 I chipped and carved the pierced feet;  
 In full, the symbol speaks of Him.

Thus is complete my crucifix—  
 I carved it all—I know not how,  
 I would of Him a memory fix—  
 His feet, His side, His hands, His brow.

As I behold I think of Him—  
 His boundless love recounting o'er,  
 He conquered death, He cancelled sin,  
 He lives and loves for evermore.

## BUILDING

Here may we build alone for mortal time  
 Or choose to build a wondrous home above  
 And day by day provide adornments fine  
 By kindly acts of sympathy and love.  
 When our toil be over—our house complete,  
 And pilgrims of the cross be gathered home,  
 We'll lay our structure humbly at His feet  
 And by the cross He'll test from sill to dome.



## CONFIDENCE

Could we but sing our songs of joy  
Without a chord of fear,  
Then would our grateful tongues employ  
The songs of Him more dear.

Did we but know the debt we owe  
To God for all His ways,  
Then would our thankful hearts o'erflow,  
And loud would be our praise.

Know that His love doth reach to all—  
The wealthy and the poor,  
In greater confidence we'd call  
And know His mercy's sure.

Like to a bird with crippled wing  
We beat against the air,  
When fullest confidence would bring  
Unto His love and care.

There's joy to know that He is near,  
And that He kindly leads,  
That e'en the longing soul He'll hear  
And He supplies our needs.

When all our fears be overcome  
And confidence shall reign,  
Then shall our lives thro' peace He won  
Become a long refrain.

## A QUESTION

When we get home after the day of toil—  
 Home, the name that we hold dear:  
 The place apart from conflict and turmoil  
 With rest abiding here.

We'll find the house of promise over there,  
 And adornments on the wall;  
 We'll find rich beauty in the mansions fair,  
 But, alas! not in all.

Some find their mansion all aglow inside,  
 Where the glow of love doth shine—  
 Adornments for our house ourselves provide  
 Here in our mortal time.

Over there upon the hills of glory  
 Is the atmosphere of love,  
 Each deed of love—e'en song, or story  
 Shall light the halls above.

Our Lord in love has done His wondrous part,  
 And we have our work to do,  
 Our house without the gleam of love be dark  
 Will it be dark for you?

Jesus said that the things to others given  
 "Ye have done it unto Me,"  
 So that each may lay up gems in heaven  
 To shine eternally.

## COMMON THINGS

Have you gazed into the star-light  
Upon a brilliant starry night,  
As you gaze a shining myriad greet your sight,  
Some a constant glowing, some a twinkling  
bright?

Have you seen the season changing  
From the frosty wind a blowing,  
Change to the season all balmy, and growing—  
The dormant awaking—the time of sowing?

Have you seen the glorious sunshine  
In wondrous power almost divine—  
With property to cleanse, its vivifying,  
The centre of life—in very power sublime?

And have you marvelled at a thought—  
What power of good or ill is fraught  
Can build, invent, the wheels of commerce stop,  
Drop death from on high, bring years of work  
to naught?

The mind, who formed it—O the power  
To give, maintain the wondrous dower!  
Who taught the blithsome dwellers of the bower?  
Or the wisdom of the common dew and shower?

The trees, and flowers, and growth of spring,  
Lights on high, a sense within,  
Have you seen, and felt unmoved, nor reverence  
bring,  
Can you comprehend these very common  
things?

## PEACE AT EVENTIDE

The setting sun, the quiet stealing o'er,  
 'Mid stillness comes faint music from afar,  
 Peace steals o'er, as from Elysian shore,  
 When clearly I behold the evening star.

Briefly waiting—the full constellation  
 Tells of mystery, and wonders far above.  
 Reverence and awe beget meditation,  
 My soul communes with wondrous mystic love.

The twilight peace after the day is spent—  
 All that is earthly must soon pass away,  
 Everything in life is as being lent—  
 Fleeting as eventide, or passing day.

The subdued moonlight rests on all I see,  
 Touching the objects dark without its glow,  
 As One whose light is shed so full and free  
 E'en on life's paths where gloom and darkness  
 grow.

When on the deep I love the eventide  
 As silvery moon illumines the glowing sea,  
 The pilot at the helm where dangers hide,  
 The lights, the harbour, home and peace for me.

## A SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

To the field and plain I went afar,  
Where the verdant grass and daisies are,  
Where the flocks and herds in pasture roam,  
Where the toiling plowmen go and come;  
There I went to search for happiness  
But failed to find the source of this.

For happiness to the mountain peak—  
On the rugged slopes this gem to seek;  
I went to scenes of the lofty height,  
And onward pressed to the thrilling sight;  
Ere reaching the summit were clouds and rain,  
With weary feet I returned again.

Then to the vale and shady green,  
'Mid the music of the babbling stream  
Beholding beauty—'twas everywhere—  
Surely I'd find true happiness there;  
In beauty of sight and joyous sound—  
By these was happiness not found.

To the town I went—the busy throng,  
'Mid the striving of men all day long;  
At night I went to amusement halls  
'Mong thrilling scenes of the painted walls,  
When all was over and sought my rest  
With happiness I was not blest.

From the land I crossed the restless sea,  
Thinking 'twould bring happiness to me,  
Upon the sea, on the rolling tide,  
I reached the lands on the other side,  
I searched afar, as well as near,  
But happiness did not appear.

From ocean voyage returned I home  
After the country and town I'd roamed,  
I looked for a pearl so widely sought—  
Searched for a jewel and found it not,  
Happiness abroad we may not win  
For happiness comes from within.

## BUILDING DESTINY

Were you to know how much of destiny is yours,  
And that you're building life or death each day,  
Could you but realise how false is much that lures,  
You'd find the price is oft too high you pay.

Did you but know 'tis yours to lay up joys in store,  
And that the good, the noble and the true  
Are not the passing things, but live for evermore,  
Then you have grasped a truth that's well for  
you.

## CHEERFUL REFLECTIONS

When I view the path all the way I've come—  
The worst was not so bad;  
There were things attempted, and conquests won,  
Where of I now am glad.

I have sometimes travelled the dolorous way  
Where sunshine seemed all fled,  
When hope within showed never a ray;  
Now shines a light ahead.

I've carried the pangs of hunger and cold  
Along the checkered road,  
With neither favours of silver or gold;  
But now—a lighter load.

Of milestones passed—over three score and ten—  
In mercy day and night,  
I have suffered more ills than most of men,  
But somehow all came right.

In the flying time and passing years—  
So rapid in their flight,  
I picture myself as old age appears  
Still walking in the light.

And now with it all, why fret and be sad  
Ungrateful, and repine;  
From the school of life and the tests I've had  
Some honours may be mine.

---

## TO REMEMBER

The various things that harass life,  
 That are to us so real—  
 The incidents of toil and strife  
 Are means unto our weal.

As we behold the flight of years  
 Our errors bring regret,  
 'Tis wisdom that we learn with fears  
 To guard the paths beset.

The mind goes back the lengthened span—  
 Ere we could write or read,  
 Before our thought of "scope" or "plan"  
 The spirit grew indeed.

We still recall what caused us pain—  
 That hurt the mortal self  
 Nor body pain, nor joy remain  
 But soul has lasting wealth.

The inner conscience aye endure  
 The physical will die,  
 Immortal is the good and pure  
 Nor shall forgotten lie.

When passing years have o'er us sped,  
 Nor time life's riddle rive,  
 And when the world shall call us "dead"  
 We shall be most alive.



What seemed to us a distant place  
 Is no remote estate,  
 The spirit world is very near,  
 But death unlocks the gate.

We close our eyes before we see  
 The beauty of the place,  
 He bought our peace on Calvary—  
 And we shall see His face.

## A DEBTOR

When I get home after the toilings cease,  
 When all my earth-born cares are passed away,  
 When fear is fled, and all within is peace,  
 With gloom all gone, and darkness turned to  
     day,  
 Then will I know 'twas love that set me free—  
 That strove with me—a wicked wayward one,  
 When I behold the debts forgiven me  
 'Twill humble me, and all of self be gone.

With loved ones joined upon the happy shore  
 Where bliss abounds, beyond all mortal dream,  
 Where love that longed in vain, shall find its store,  
 And swell the praise of Him who did redeem;  
 With hope fulfilled, and faith that's realised,  
 And I have felt the joy of heaven's glow,  
 And seen the face of Him—the once despised,  
 Till then, I'll never know how much I owe.

## ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS

So loudly ticks the mantel clock,  
 And the embers fade in the grate,  
 Alone I am left with my thoughts  
 In the quiet of night, and late;  
 I think of the ones who've been true,  
 The departed of bygone days,  
 Of gloom—once too dark to see thro',  
 Of light that cheers in friendship's rays.

How pleasant is the quiet hour  
 When there's naught to distract the mind,  
 How wondrous is mental power  
 In its reaches—a gift Divine;  
 It can travel o'er land and sea,  
 And ascend to the heights above  
 E'en commune with Divinity  
 In the regions enshrined by love.

There is much that is common to man—  
 He looks for a future estate,  
 And he clings to life's passing span,  
 And has fear of the untried state;  
 There's something that tells me within  
 This tenure of life's incomplete,  
 There are conflicts of self to win  
 Or else we must own to defeat.

What is there in life we perceive?  
 Anxiety, trouble and care,  
 Distress that is hard to relieve  
 And mental conflicts to bear;  
 Can ever life's plan be all seen  
 By some method we may behold?  
 But all seems a tangled skein,  
 And quickly do men become old.

A life with no hope to illume  
 Is a sombre prospect indeed,  
 How dreary to tread in the gloom  
 With no light begot of some creed;  
 All creeds have an ultimate end—  
 The diff'rence is how to attain,  
 In some of them truth we commend,  
 And all of them teach "life again."

To each man is given two lives,  
 Where the flesh and the spirit combine,  
 But the spirit alone survives,  
 And defies the ravage of time;  
 What e'er his lot to inherit  
 Each man will obtain his fair chance,  
 To grow a more gracious spirit—  
 In whatever state, to enhance.

The power to heal in His name  
 Is not seen to-day as of yore,  
 I know God is ever the same—  
 Man's faith has grown weak to the core;

O! for some power to revive  
 And show He is still everywhere,  
 But changed is man's faith and desire  
 And estrangement and doubt is there.

Were I poor and clothed in tatters,  
 Or rich, with costly robes to wear,  
 'Tis my love for God that matters—  
 My passports seal to mansions fair;  
 God would have man teach his brother—  
 The truth would He have him proclaim,  
 As He gave, give for each other  
 Thus will the love of heaven reign.

And God employs man in His work,  
 The joy in His co-worker lives,  
 But by his will a man may shirk  
 Ignoring work the Father gives:  
 Ere man goes hence he lays up joy,  
 Or else regret to mar his peace,  
 All deeds of love that he employ  
 Make glad the heart when toiling cease.

This creature man, whom God has made  
 Can stand opposed to Him on high—  
 Can by his will in retrograde  
 Defy Who made the earth and sky;  
 Reward for righteous deeds is sure,  
 And mercy reigns on high o'er all,  
 Who trust His goodness is secure,  
 He listens every faith-borne call.

In time now past, life's greatest win—  
 With my self-will tested and tried,  
 When I found my way unto Him  
 My Saviour and Lord, crucified;  
 Lazarus, Martha and Mary,  
 Who in person had touched their Lord—  
 Were they living 'mong men to-day  
 They must know Him just by His word.

I am biased, yet prate "God's mind"  
 And little know His way at all,  
 Strange views I hold—defences find,  
 My prejudice must Him appall:  
 The more I dwell upon all this  
 The more profound the thoughts in me—  
 When God the Father gives His bliss  
 And paid it all on Calvary's tree.

These marvels of His grace obtain,  
 The love of God must love beget,  
 His plans redeeming man remain  
 His promises He'll not forget;  
 Thus have my thoughts at my fireside  
 Dwelt on the common things of earth,  
 And soared to realms where love abide—  
 Where He who reigns had human birth.

Then what were I—saved by His grace,  
 Returning not a grateful heart?  
 My spirit shall behold His face,  
 In joyful anthems take a part;

I will adore His wondrous name,  
 And gratefully my heart I'll raise  
 To Him—to bless all men He came,  
 And alway will I give Him praise.

I will not fear the valley dark  
 As I walk in His light below,  
 'Tis nature's plan the vale embark  
 That leads to God in glory's glow;  
 But, I'd fear to walk in darkness,  
 And see not the light of His love,  
 Then terror, and gloom and sadness—  
 'Twould be dark indeed up above!

My life confronts a mountain top—  
 Upon the summit joy is found,  
 By service I get near the spot  
 Where the celestial joys abound,  
 I mount by glorifying God,  
 By dishonouring Him retreat,  
 Far up who tell His love abroad  
 Where sinner and the Saviour meet.

Men stumble and stagger and err  
 With blunders and tragedies seen,  
 They strive, and oft failures occur,  
 And "chance" is the rule it would seem;  
 But each of us sees as a man,  
 And purpose no mortal can see,  
 God only interprets His plan  
 In the light of eternity.

Did I tell of voices I've heard,  
 Of some who had lived long ago—  
 Of those risen servants of God,  
 And the wondrous wisdom they show,  
 I'd be branded a liar and knave,  
 But here as I sit in my home  
 In what joy and peace I lave,  
 And know I am never alone.

I have told of strange things that be—  
 Better known when my day be done,  
 It is truth that makes men free  
 And prepares for events to come;  
 There's enlightenment and love for all,  
 Tho' peoples call Him diff'rent names,  
 From their heart God hears each one's call,  
 With atonement for all He came.

My assurance then doubly sure—  
 For both voice and the word declare,  
 That love is the seal that secures  
 The bond of the Great Father's care;  
 'Tis conscience of men that condemns  
 To the darkest despair of night  
 By the light of love men ascend  
 To the heights of the glorious light.

After the sowing and reaping,  
 Then the garnering comes at last,  
 Evening shadows, silent creeping  
 In mellow rays, or gloom o'ercast;

Be far from me base unbelief,  
 Nor grieve when petty cares attend,  
 'Mong all life's joys this one is chief,  
 My Saviour Lord to know as Friend.

## PSYCHIC SCIENCE

A man may kill, but not destroy,  
 All life God gave doth still abound,  
 Somehow, somewhere a place of joy,  
 Somehow, somewhere is purpose found.

More life than man's has endless range,  
 More life than man's will reach the skies,  
 To some this doctrine's wierdly strange—  
 But life in nature never dies.

All life be changed we'll meet above—  
 Perfection there in all that's seen  
 No fear or passion mars the love  
 When back to Him who is supreme.

The beasts beyond will have their sphere  
 The birds will sing in paradise,  
 On river banks the trees appear  
 There man's more living, loving, wise.

And they who love the beauteous flowers  
 Will see profusion rich and rare,  
 And as they rove celestial bowers  
 God's perfect work see everywhere.



## “SANDY”—A TRUE TALE

It was back in the year of grace—sixty-one,  
 'Twas the year the American war begun,  
 And the year the renowned Earl Haig was born—  
 That this fellow Sandy was born—a twin;  
 His mate I am told never breathed at all,  
 But he entered the world with a lusty squall;  
 His hair was thin, and yellow to match his skin—  
 A poor little wheezy delicate thing.

From his youngest days he was sickly and thin—  
 It was mustard outside and ginger within;  
 To raise this small chap seemed but a mere  
 chance—

The days and nights led his mother a dance,  
 'Tis wonderful surely this mother love—  
 It can only compare with love from above;  
 But the boy came along, tho' never too strong,  
 Tho' his lungs seemed strong, and his howls were  
 long.

Now, time was passing as it always will—  
 For the time and children will neither stand still,  
 The dress and “pinnie” the boy had outgrown,  
 From a canvas sack his mother had sewn  
 His first pair of pants, with a nice cotton waist;  
 'Twas a proud day when Sandy these had donned  
 first,  
 The teacher had called, as was often his rule—  
 Said, ‘Sandy, wee man you’ll soon come to school.’

This poor little sickly nondescript fellow  
 Was scorned alike by both sister and brother—  
 His mother oft gave him tit-bits of food  
 Which others gladly had got if they could;  
 Then Sandy was ever so scrawny and mean  
 With a cold in his head, and his nose not clean,  
 And always ablowing—like trumpet afar,  
 Was bracking and spitting with the catarrh.

When attending school—log-built academy,  
 To learn the mysteries of great A and B;  
 Teacher was thoughtful and kind to the lad,  
 When with headache he wept—which oft he had,  
 Allowed him outside in freedom to roam,  
 And if not soon better would let him go home—  
 A poor, nervous thing was this boy called Sandy,  
 With pouting lip and tears ever handy.

This part of the story is hard to believe—  
 I'm sure the kind neighbours oft longed to relieve,  
 First it was measles, then scarlatina;  
 Then came chicken-pox, then scarlet-fever,  
 Chronic catarrh, chilblains, and whooping cough,  
 Tonsilitis, quinsy, then came the mumps—  
 Oft did his mother watch the weary night thro'  
 Repeating in pity—"poor you, poor you."

Before talking further we might moralize—  
 Judge not the possible by smallness or size  
 Common sense dictate—"put him out of pain,"  
 Why let him suffer again and again?

Just put a lethal bag over his head—  
 With a deep breath or two, and then he'll be dead;  
 Or, just like a calf that is "not fit to keep"  
 Is put in the earth in a long, long sleep.

Now this youngster Sandy, of whom it is said,  
 Was not much to look at—was oft under-fed,  
 A long upper lip, and under-shot chin,  
 "A lean lantern jaw" (but mocking a sin)  
 You can't judge rightly a fellow by looks,  
 For some really handsome men are real crooks;  
 But this fellow Sandy, as years passed along  
 Worked like a Trojan to try to get on.

One thing in us mortals, the end's often hid—  
 This chap would seem worthy, but he setbacks  
     had;

He took chorea—his nerves were a wreck,  
 He shuffled along by aid of a stick;  
 He journeyed afar from the land he dwelled—  
 Took malarial fever, and jaundice as well;  
 The rheumatic fever which tortured his youth,  
 Again and again it returned forsooth.

When down by the sea, near the Mexican coast,  
 To sell his labour and his skill for the most  
 He took diabetes—it seemed he'd have died—  
 Septicemia attacked; later typhoid!  
 'Tis strange to relate—but none can deny  
 That he's living and as well as you or I;  
 He says that Providence must have some design  
 In letting ills come and healing each time.

I'll shorten this story ere you grow weary:  
 With doctors and medicine Sandy kept cheery;  
 For chilblains he little was helped to endure,  
 So he mixed a compound that did himself cure—  
 'Twas iodine crystals, ten grains was the sum,  
 Oil origranum, one dram; twenty grains camphor  
     gum,  
 Methylated spirits one ounce he got,  
 Shook it well, and oft applied to the spot.

For catarrh in the head that worried him so  
 'Twas this treatment he took to help it to go—  
 Potas iodine, two drams; six grains iodine,  
 Water half gallon, which he took betimes—  
 Each morning arising from Morpheus' grip  
 A wine glass full of this he daily did sip  
 As regular as the sun, or moon, or star,  
 And thus he got rid of chronic catarrh.

Hear what this odd chap has related to me  
 When he had diabetes, aged thirty-three,  
 And the doctor said he'd be well no more—  
 This Sandy—who'd treated horses before,  
 Got potas iodine one dram, twenty-four grains  
     iodine,  
 And three drams of tincture of crude strychnine,  
 And the whole in a quart of water he put;  
 A table spoon ere meals thrice daily took.

As the symptoms improved the dose was reduced  
 When the bottle was drained fell into disuse:  
 A man thus ill—from United States West,  
 Crossed "the pond" to Sandy "to know" what's  
     best:

A doctor afflicted—rather bad case,  
 Took of this treatment ere his ill won the race;  
 His name is withheld, lest the "Council" despise  
 For taking treatment they'd not "authorized."

Patients with diabetes, again and again  
 He has tested the medicine to prove the same  
 He says candidly—'tis not a sure cure—  
 Used at the outset it is much more sure,  
 While some have been cured from cottage and  
     hall  
 Yet others, the treatment was no use at all;  
 Doctors in every case did diagnosing  
 The half were cured by diet and dosing.

Sandy's joints are enlarged by the dread rheu-  
     matiz,  
 But no longer the stiffness or pains are his—  
 Treating and dosing for many a year  
 He can now run a race or jump like a deer:  
 Iodide of potash, 'twas three drams he got,  
 Bicarbonate of potash, one ounce the lot  
 In water a quart, and each morn as he rose,  
 With water took a table spoonful dose.

After the liquid had been patiently drained  
 Three dozen five-grain Salol tablets obtained,  
 Each morning and night he took two of these,  
 Presto! his rheumatiz, at last at ease:  
 I am only relating these strange events,  
 And M.D.'s may say these are "mere incidents:"  
 It is more strange to Sandy than anyone else,  
 For he felt the pain and sickness himself.

From Chicago, a cripples' hospital there—  
 A mother had sent an appeal in despair,  
 A brace sore on her boy she feared might kill,  
 And to heal it defied her doctor's skill;  
 Now Sandy kept a good salve in his stable,  
 And to heal the wound it proved to be able;  
 In the hospital still 'tis their standard salve  
 Their scribe wrote, "Dear Doctor" this we must  
     have.

This ointment is quite simple, as may be seen—  
 Two drams of the tincture of iodine,  
 Pour in two drams of origanum oil,  
 Mix with vasaline eight ounces in all  
 Sprinkle (small) teaspoonful of sulphur o'er,  
 Then stir and mix for ten minutes or more  
 It is useful in cottage, in stable and hut,  
 And is good for eczema, a burn or cut.

And now I have come to the end of my tale  
 Told about this person before he set sail  
 To the hereafter, where sickness and pain  
 No more shall molest or trouble again,  
 Perhaps after all God may have some plan  
 (And to question His purpose none of us can)  
 In guarding and keeping this poor sickly lad  
 Whom we'd expect to be under the sod!

Now I close the reminiscence of Sandy,  
 When old he'd pastimes at which he was handy,  
 He talks, and talks till he'd make your head swim  
 "Of wonderful things the Lord's done for him"—

Perhaps he's right, The Great Healer cured pain  
 Does he not use mankind to so heal again?  
 And the work of doctors is made thus sublime—  
 Relieving the pains and ills of mankind.

## SERVICE

The selfish joy for its own sake,  
 And strife to catch it here and there,  
 'Tis as a dream when you awake,  
 A meteor, or mirage fair.

Forgetting self to serve another—  
 By service you enlarge your sphere,  
 E'en a stranger is your brother,  
 And hap'ly you may help and cheer.

To sacrifice for other's sake,  
 To help a pilgrim homeward bound,  
 A sombre journey brighter make—  
 These to your own soul will redound.

To meet some one you've helped along  
 A sense of joy it gives to you,  
 To plant within a life a song  
 Is service that is real and true.

And when your impulse is of love  
 You plant what lasts for evermore,  
 For love's eternal up above—  
 You reap the joy on yonder shore.

## RETROSPECTION

I gaze from the summit of years,  
I've seen life's storms, I've quaked with fears,  
Forgive, O Lord, unstable days—  
Nor trust in Thee, nor faith, nor praise.

I think of the past—checkered past,  
I walked alone in gloom o'ercast,  
Forgive, O Lord, my blindness then,  
For I knew not Thy call to men.

Since first I saw Thy light, Thy love,  
And knew the way to courts above,  
Forgive, O Lord, so little done  
To labour for "Thy Kingdom Come."

Now in Thy peace and joy I dwell—  
A happy sense that all is well,  
Forgive, O Lord, my thanklessness  
Where I neglect to praise and bless.

Thy ways to me are wonderful,  
Thy goodness more than I can tell;  
Forgive, O Lord, so little strife  
To lead more souls to Thy new life.



In Thee are all my blessings sealed  
 All Thou givest, to Thee I yield,  
 Forgive, O Lord, that I should be  
 Wholly absorbed in aught but Thee.

Be it mine to walk in shadow  
 Or bright be the days I still go,  
 Help me, O Lord, in calm or swell  
 To know Thou doest all things well.

## ULTIMATE WISDOM

Somehow, somewhere will life reveal a plan  
 With all the hard and bitter parts made plain;  
 Somehow, sometime when greater wisdom scan  
 We yet may bless the crosses and the pain.

Kind Providence does lead unto the best  
 Only our stubborn wills may block the way,  
 He knows the ultimate—the truly blest—  
 And He will lead unto that better day.

The storm may rage, the sun be all obscure,  
 And gloom o'ershadow as the darkest night;  
 But He our Captain leads us, safe, secure,  
 Into the realms of endless peace and light.

## MY TASK AND YOURS

In the midst of confusion I stood,  
 Groping my way o'er upland and bog,  
 Peering for light thro' dense underwood,  
 In my heart was fear, an ache, a throb.

Many the pilgrim who pass this way  
 Heading for home o'er mount and morass,  
 Some peradventure going astray,  
 And dwell as did I where fears harass.

Some with leaders the way do not know  
 Striving for home with no other guide;  
 Pity the weak who toil to and fro'  
 Needing some sage to walk by their side.

Here I recall the forest and gloom  
 Where dangers abode in the darkness passed  
 Grateful, I walk in the light of noon  
 Now helping pilgrims, this is my task,

A longing for home dwells in mankind—  
 The high and noble tend to this end,  
 O, show a landmark by which they'll find  
 The path to their home, and to a Friend.

A compass they need, 'twill never fail,  
 Known as the "Cross," so wondrous and true,  
 It points the way o'er the winding trail,  
 It guided my path—will guide yours too.

The matchless power of this compass is love—  
Love all embracing for me, for you,  
It points to mansions promised above,  
Their light, our love to Him—which is due.

It points to triumph—victory o'er death—  
Death, the dark vale that leads unto life,  
It points a presence, near as the breath,  
And to a peace, tho' trouble be rife.

The cross, a magnet, a guide for all,  
It draws, it points to grace that transcends  
Giving health to souls sick of sin's thrall,  
Pointing the Saviour's love to the end.

'Tis life's sure compass—"the wondrous cross,"  
There's naught else can guide e'en to the last,  
It shows boundless love, pointing the cost,  
O tell its marvels, this is your task.

## THE CHANGE OF YEARS

Two score years had passed away  
Since unto foreign lands I'd gone,  
Where as a pilgrim I had strayed,  
And left behind my native home.

How oft recalled the olden days,  
And faces once so dear to me;  
The school of toil, scenes grave and gay,  
All these I longed again to see.

My heart was lifted up because  
The days drew near I might behold  
My native land—the sea to cross  
To paths I'd trod in days of old.

I went, obeying heart's desire,  
Anticipation's thrill was there;  
Deep in my heart was friendship's fire,  
And joyful hope was everywhere.

What change was met at my home place!  
No horse-drawn vehicle was seen,  
And every man an unknown face,  
All, all expressed time's changing scheme.

The very house to me best known  
Was unfamiliar in surround—  
The flowers, the garden, all had flown,  
I seemed to tread on stranger's ground.

The friends I left, of settled years,  
All but one had crossed the vale,  
Friendships in life to me were dear  
Were only now as memorie's tale.

Of those dear friends who made life sweet,  
'Twere sad to think we'd meet no more,  
No more with friendly hand-shake greet,  
No more to talk life's interests o'er.

A school-mate sixty years ago—  
His form was bent, his eyes were dim;  
His hair was white—my dear friend Joe—  
I too, indeed had changed to him!

If time make all the wrecks we view  
With what we see of toil and need,  
And naught beyond for me, for you,  
Then life were very poor indeed?

At home, a stranger thus I roamed,  
Nor friends of yore my footsteps tend  
And so I gazed at heaven's dome  
Alone, save for my unseen Friend.

## VASTNESS

I'm a rover and a roamer,  
I've sailed across the tide,  
I've seen the stormy tempest rage,  
And seen it all subside;  
In nature wonders do abound—  
This hoary world we dwell,  
For unknown ages of the past  
Has rolled and rocked and swelled.

I've thought of the countless ages  
When all the world was "void,"  
Of molten heat that no man felt,  
And sounds that no man heard,  
Thro' ages long where time counts not,  
'Mid bubbling rock and foam,  
And thousands of years ere sea or rock  
Gave lower life a home.

I've stood on lands across the sea—  
The world seemed vast indeed,  
Its vastness brought a sense to me  
Akin to unvoiced creed;  
And the stars spoke greater vastness  
Distant from earth afar,  
I stood and gazed in littleness—  
An atom on a star.

I've trod the weary mountain top—  
Felt, a mere grain of sand,  
And I've seen Niagara's torrents  
That make one breathless stand;

I've seen the vast and level plain  
 That seemed to have no end—  
 The sun had set and rose again  
 And still its vastness lend.

How mighty is the sea and land,  
 How wondrous vast is space,  
 The planets speak a mighty hand  
 The sun of power, a pace;  
 I've marvelled at their boundlessness,  
 These mighty powers prevail—  
 Creation's wondrous magnitude,  
 And yet these never fail.

How great are all created things;  
 What mighty powers unscanned  
 But greater far than all combined—  
 The Master Mind that planned!  
 His work goes on through flight of time,  
 Nor scorns His creature man,  
 He breathed in him a breath divine,  
 In him complete His plan.

## CANAAN

And when our sojourn ends—the journey o'er,  
 When pilgrims gather on the other shore  
 Where by God's grace we'll sing His praise above,  
 And by His cross interpret boundless love.

## THE PILGRIM'S JOY

One time, thought I, all would be joy  
If I abundance had of things,  
And all day long I could employ  
With lavish hand, and new joys bring;  
If I'd no need to count the cost,  
And every whim be gratified,  
To live above a paltry loss,  
Then would my joys be satisfied.

Yes, I've been poor, and very poor,  
I've had some goods of this world too,  
And lived where plenty seemed secure,  
But joy in these did not accrue;  
I could not say, "enough of these,  
I've got enough, I'm satisfied,"  
Nor did I find these always please,  
And all was joy with naught denied.

I've searched for joy and peace of mind,  
Of this and that I tried possess,  
With all, a want I'd always find—  
There's something more than mere conquest;  
I've tried forget the flight of time—  
That age would come with feeble years,  
That time would bend this frame of mine—  
Nor gold of earth could quell the fears.

I now have joy along life's way,  
Nor taxed with care, nor mental strain—  
The well of truth I'll drink alway  
• The living stream, nor thirst again;



No joy this world for aye will keep,  
 All passes as a summer's day,  
 And nature's law of "sow and reap"  
 This world alone can never pay.

I think of Him who made us all,  
 And evidence of wondrous love,  
 In confidence upon Him call—  
 I know He hears me from above;  
 I know God's promises are true—  
 The guardian angels are with me  
 That He will care my journey thro'  
 And has redeemed on Calvary.

And now I leave it all to Him—  
 By faith in Him, is joy and peace,  
 His birth, His life, His death to win  
 That bond of love, to never cease;  
 I trust in Him, and Him alone,  
 His love within my soul is dear;  
 In Him I'll find a wondrous home,  
 And in death's vale I will not fear.

With love implanted deep within—  
 It gives a joy time will not sere,  
 Love is that everlasting spring,  
 The wondrous source of peace and cheer;  
 And joy abides when gone to rest  
 'Tis present when awake again—  
 It gives to life perpetual zest,  
 And joy within shall ever reign.

## LIFE'S VOYAGE

We're sailing upon life's main—  
More boundless than the sea,  
In the sunshine and the rain  
Nor voyage we foresee.

We blindly faced the waters—  
Oft troubled by the sway,  
Nor knew we that which matters—  
The Pilot of the wave.

We thought that guiding the barque  
Was ours, and ours alone;  
To this and that we would hark,  
And sail for seas unknown.

The days and the years have passed,  
A Pilot now appears—  
The sombre skies o'ercast  
No longer fill with fears.

We are cruising not alone  
Upon the ocean wide,  
Tho' sailing afar from home  
Our Pilot's near our side.

What comfort of mind to know  
Our Guide knows all the way,  
And as we faithfully row,  
We'll reach the port one day.

## TO MY FELLOW TRAVELLERS

Which way in life are you going  
As you tread your journey below?  
Be sure you'll reap what you're sowing—  
You scatter on highlands or low;  
Some travel the road so blindly,  
The horizon seems dark and drear;  
They view not the problems kindly,  
Their burdens they carry in fear;  
So drear are their present prospects—  
Not linked with the future to come,  
Nor touched with grace of contentment,  
They toil as if naught could be won.

If love dwell not in the inmost,  
And brightness both night and day,  
If earth's not viewed as an outpost  
That leads to a kindlier ray  
Then gloomy must life be indeed  
With no light, or design, or plan,  
No gleam of hope to meet each need,  
And no guiding star they may scan;  
Man only attains to his best,  
As he travels his way thro' time,  
When he knows the prospect of rest  
And speaks from his heart with Divine.

No life without joy is complete—  
 The innate desire given all,  
 And our trials need a retreat—  
 From each and from all come the call;  
 Man's life tests, and history agree—  
 Peace and joy shall over each roll  
 Who obey His words, "Come to Me,"  
 In joy shall find rest for the soul;  
 Above is the spirit benign  
 Who knows all life's trials, and end,  
 Your God, your Saviour and mine  
 Adopts you His child, and His friend.

Then travel the path where joy reigns—  
 The way that brings peace and content,  
 Your humble dependence is gain,  
 The Saviour to Calvary went—  
 There God was to you reconciled,  
 It is yours to give Him your heart,  
 By conduct, a sinner defiled,  
 By faith you've a saved sinner's part;  
 Which way in life are you going  
 As you tread your journey below?  
 Be sure you'll reap what you're sowing,  
 You scatter on high lands and low.

## A CHRISTIAN STRONGHOLD

Comes a cloud o'er the horizon  
When gloom the heart doth fill,  
The dolorous road is trod upon  
That can life's music still:

The mind can weave the darkest spell,  
Can veil the light afar—  
Can paint dark clouds where sorrows dwell,  
Obscure the gleaming star.

There's hope tho' the sun be setting—  
That heralds nightly reign,  
Nor the prospect bright forgetting,  
For sunshine follows rain.

The mists may lie o'er the lowland,  
While light shines on the hill;  
There's much we may not understand,  
But God is ruling still.

With trust in the mind of Wisdom,  
Faith in the heart of Love,  
We're heirs to a wondrous Kingdom  
Where He calls each above.

The joy-bells, too, shall surely ring  
In hearts where hope indwells,  
And gratefully shall praises sing—  
"He doeth all things well."

## SOME WONDROUS THINGS

Great wonders are in nature, more than we understand,  
 But wonders far exceeding, surround the creature man—  
 The more our contemplation, we marvel more and more,  
 In wonder and amazement, we think the mysteries o'er.

Man can by his stubborn will defy the powers that reign,  
 By his spirit can aspire, and mount the higher plane;  
 Man's spirit was an entity ere the earth bro't forth,  
 And there's that in every man, belongs not to the earth.

The spirit free from earthly bonds, counts not years of time,  
 Blest content can ne'er be found apart from the Divine  
 We learn the paths to higher spheres, taught in earthly school,  
 And humbly in submission learn the Great Spirit's rule.

Men are wiser yonder far, without the fleshly  
 bond—  
 From the earth their knowledge gleaned, and wis-  
 dom from beyond,  
 Men must ever learn on earth, likewise up in  
 heaven,  
 And such as worthy are, is greater wisdom given.

Those ascended from the earth, to light of  
 heaven's glow,  
 Strive to help their fellowman, who tread the  
 paths below;  
 Wonders dwell we little know, while here we  
 live earth bound—  
 Silent hosts are round about, unknown to sight or  
 sound.

The lofty heights celestial in joy we may attain,  
 But on earth the ladder build, by which the  
 heights obtain,  
 And the rungs by which we rise are truly formed  
 of love—  
 'Tis by love along life's road we reach the heights  
 above.

How wondrous 'tis to think, man has likeness unto  
 God,  
 And our Maker knows the path upon life's  
 checkered road—  
 In the field He's no stranger, nor in the busy fair,  
 The cottage, the home of grief, or temple He's  
 been there.

With some does He endow with ruling power to  
 wield,  
 Free will is given men, nor earth, nor heaven to  
 yield;  
 'Tis wondrous to think the power of evil men  
 possess,  
 And yet by the power of will 'tis theirs to aid and  
 bless.

Strange, yet true, most joys in life depend upon  
 the will—  
 When His blessings we partake, with joy and  
 peace they fill  
 Or, when seeking self, receive returns we thus  
 beget,  
 For, from the seeds we sow, reap reward or else  
 regret.

To love because God loves men, honours the  
 Maker's name,  
 And the ministry of love returns to us again;  
 The dull uneventful life may seem a desert drear,  
 But duty done brings reward e'en in a humble  
 sphere.

When you serve a brother in the name of Him  
 who died,  
 And follow the paths of love, like Him the  
 crucified—  
 In the greatness of His plan, He sees the loving  
 heart,  
 And they who choose the way of love, choose the  
 "better part."



Hate and spite is not of God, is not within His  
 plan—  
 Tho' so bitterly reviled He died for every man;  
 This sojourn here we'll say farewell, for bright  
 planes above—  
 The blessed home where love prevails—He who  
 reigns in Love.

### BETHLEHEM'S STAR

Shine, O star, in the hearts of men,  
 Thy light illumine still more and more,  
 Renew that inner gleam again—  
 That glow of love the wide world o'er.

Shine on the Christ in lowly guise—  
 Born for mankind of every clime,  
 Illumine His hallowed name always—  
 A lowly child, yet King Divine.

In mem'ry shine O glorious star,  
 Thy light awake earth's gloomy night,  
 O shed thy gleam both near and far,  
 That seeing men may seek the light.

Bethlehem's star, in mem'ry shine,  
 Illumine to man the lowly birth,  
 Let all rejoice that in due time  
 The Saviour Lord was born to earth.

## WONDERFUL

'Tis wondrous when we think of man,  
And of the Providential plan,  
We're dwellers here, we know not why,  
We live our day and then we die.

Some born to fortune and to fame—  
In each some innate trait obtain,  
Some at birth seem handicapped—  
Would seem by heritage enwrapped.

In life we see not the obverse,  
Nor mortal mind the universe,  
Nor grasp the mind that guides it all  
Who notes in men their rise and fall.

'Tis wonderful to muse it o'er—  
To think that we've been here before,  
And lived a different life one day,  
Now spirit clothed in other clay!

What powers mortal man is given—  
'Gainst his will, nor led, nor driven,  
May serve, or say his Maker nay—  
Reap the reward, or scorn the pay.

Here we may build for time alone,  
Or build for the immortal home,  
To do our best applies to each,  
'Tis thus our fullest duty reach.

Thus we may live upon this plane—  
Review it all one day again,  
And get reward for work well done  
That here was neither seen nor sung.

'Tis wonderful, a harvest sow  
And reap where flowers celestial grow  
To truly serve in word and deed  
Is greater far than trusting creed.

A cup of water with our love  
Is not o'erlooked in realms above,  
He'll say "ye did it unto Me,"  
How wonderful that this should be!

Feeble the power of love have we,  
And yet 'twill reach eternity;  
He knows how hard we strive—tho' fail  
But by His grace love must prevail.

## BEYOND

Beyond earth's toils and fears,  
Beyond the starry dome,  
Where dried are sorrows tears  
When come His pilgrims home;  
There shall be no night there,  
No gnawing care be found,  
All peace beyond compare  
Where heaven's joys abound.

Beyond the hurt of war  
Beyond the heat and cold  
Beyond no heartaches are,  
Beyond men ne'er grow old;  
There, mystery shall be plain,  
Purpose of life revealed,  
In love's immortal reign,  
The blest by faith are healed.

Beyond our earthly night,  
Beyond the flight of years,  
Where shines effulgent light—  
We'll know our Saviour's near,  
And bow before the King  
With all the blood redeemed,  
Our glory songs we'll sing—  
God's love shall be the theme.

## THE FRIEND DIVINE

These simple lines I write to you  
As toiling through life's labyrinth,  
This wondrous truth is ever true—  
God's love outreaches depths and breadth.

Then do those things that speak of love—  
The attribute of Him supreme,  
They manifest His traits above  
And witness for the Great Unseen.

Who follow Him to love and serve,  
The Master calleth these His "friends":  
Such honour—more than we deserve—  
All mortal honour far transcends.

The golden link with Friend Divine  
Doth draw us on the upward road  
This mystic bond with the sublime  
Illumes the path and lifts the load.

The golden glow of friendship's bond  
Doth cheer and help the path we go,  
It shines unto the courts beyond  
And lights the daily path below.

How grateful should our tribute be,  
To Him who stooped in lowly guise,  
To Him who stoops to such as we—  
Nor scorned the thief in paradise.

## MY JOURNEY

Thro' the thrills of boyhood,  
Then the trials of youth,  
In manhood years I stood,  
Now comes old age forsooth;  
Viewing the passing years,  
Passing as dreams at night,  
The future has no fears—  
Beyond there is the light.

Why should fear possess me—  
Tho' foolish were my ways,  
Some power I cannot see  
Has kept me all these days;  
In childhood, youth, old age,  
Guarded I've been from harm,  
I'll give my Guardian praise  
Who led thro' calm and storm.

Trying days were many—  
The way seemed often drear,  
Thro' dark days and sunny  
My help was always near;  
Tho' Jordan's waves be chill,  
My Pilot knows the way,  
There's light upon the hill  
And I will see its ray.

## CHRISTMAS

The twinkling stars lit the Eastern sky,  
The night was still, not a sound arose,  
A stillness tense, not a Zephyr's sigh—  
All nature wrapt in quiet repose.

An ominous tenseness filled the air  
This night all still in divine portend,  
No travelling caravan was there,  
The hush o'er hamlet and fold extend.

Hark! swelled the song of the angels clear  
When a brilliant star had shone above,  
And bright over Bethlehem appeared—  
A wondrous sign of the Father's love.

Thus was the Saviour born for us all—  
Born of a virgin, as was the sign,  
"No room in the inn"—a cattle stall,  
Where Mary the blest bore the Divine.

Long may the Christmas spirit obtain—  
Gifts for others, as God gave His Son,  
May joy like the shepherds ever reign,  
And praise arise to the blessed One.

All "glory to God in the highest  
And peace on earth, goodwill toward men,"  
Sweet the song of celestial chorus  
Joyfully sing the angels' refrain.

## OUR SCHOOLING DAYS

In the days of yore when attending school—  
 With trials and triumphs, lessons and rule,  
 The strife of our conquest was time well spent—  
 For all our follies we duly repent;  
 How oft was it irksome, with book and slate—  
 Yet, these were keys to our coming estate,  
 And our lesson unlearned we still regret,  
 And duty undone we deplore it yet.

How dim is our vision from out life's school—  
 How blindly revolt 'gainst many a rule;  
 Tho' here we are sent and here we must dwell  
 In this mortal school-house—our work should tell,  
 Yet oft are we fretful, the end not seen,  
 The value of training, little we dream;  
 From the school of earth to the spirit land—  
 'Tis then, and then only, we'll understand.

It would seem to us the spirit within  
 Must have its trials, its triumphs to win  
 And tests where each one is called to go thro',  
 To gain the victory ere God's great review;  
 Thus our living aright upon this plane  
 Will all mean so much when we rise again,  
 When we shall bring all our lessons to Him  
 Coming so humbly His plaudit to win.



## A MIGHTY POWER

Higher than our utmost vision,  
Wider than the boundless sea,  
Not proscribed by man's decision  
Nor the mystery can we see.

Greater than all power beholden,  
Wondrous in tenacity,  
Stronger than the giants olden,  
Boundless in capacity.

Long as memory—never failing,  
E'en beyond the mortal ken  
Touched by tear, or cry, or wailing,  
Pities all the ills of men.

What's the power as high as heaven,  
Stoops the very depths of hell,  
Permeates e'en as a leven  
Tell me, tell me, who can tell?

It has no limit and no bound  
Great below and great above,  
May neither utter voice or sound,  
'Tis that power we know as Love.

## HAPPY PILGRIMS

We're living in peace with all men,  
Trusting in God above,  
Viewing beauty in field and glen,  
And over all is love.

Diverse and changing things we see,  
And mystery we behold,  
With hope for better things to be—  
The half is still untold.

With faith to light the path we tread—  
Like moon or star at night,  
Or as the sun that shines o'erhead,  
Our faith emits its light.

As joyful pilgrims thus we dwell,  
In gratitude we live;  
A peace within, for all is well  
And what is best, He'll give.

While toiling on our pilgrim way  
There's joy upon the path,  
Tho' oft our feet have gone astray  
In Him there is no death.

## PEACE

I've sat by the moving ocean tide—  
By the rolling, swelling waters wide;  
Time brings a calm to sea and shore  
When peace shall reign, with turmoil o'er.

The tide rolled on in its majesty—  
As time rolls on to eternity;  
But I've seen it calm in peaceful rest  
Like a giant lain in slumber blest.

I have seen a life oft tempest tossed  
With a saddened sense of thwart and loss,  
And have seen life's joy at fullest heights—  
Like an ideal day with all things bright.

'Mid tumult of life come times of test,  
The weary toil gives a zest for rest,  
The troubles and ills of life will cease  
In place of tumult there comes a peace.

And as the night precedes the morning—  
Tho' faint the light then comes day dawning,  
And plenty follows sore denial,  
And peace succeeds a life of trial.

## MEDITATION ON TYRONE MOUNTAINS

These ancient hills proclaim creation's tale—  
A silent witness to a power unseen,  
The mighty magic power that did prevail,  
That raised these hills where once they had not  
been.

In untold past did nature stage a play,  
With fire and earthquake rent and rocked the  
earth,  
Mountains arose 'mid fireworks and display—  
Streams o'erflowed, forests sank, peat bogs had  
birth.

Long ages past, these hills that form this range  
May have been deep beneath some unknown  
sea,  
Herein transformed by wondrous magic change—  
From fir'y quake arose what now we see.

Unstable still is water and the land—  
Each flood of rain that flows adown a mound,  
Carries along a myriad grains of sand—  
A million years, great hills be level ground.

'Tis eve, I stand entranced upon this hill,  
 The verdant green and Rowan berries red,  
 The joyful twitt'ring birds that feast their fill.  
 From nature's storehouse are these creatures  
 fed.

Could these dumb hills but speak the hoary past,  
 When men of long ago had digged and wrought;  
 From vantage point a watchful eye was cast  
 While treasure from some hard toiled mine was  
 brought.

Here 'neath these slopes—some secret hiding  
 place,  
 Is treasure rich, nor long long years have seen  
 The buried gold and jewels, still untraced,  
 Hid from the hostile clans of war-like mien.

When wars of might upon these hills obtained—  
 For might was right those distant bygone days,  
 The strong assailed, when power, or loot had  
 gained,  
 Then were the shouts of victory fiercely raised.

Long years before the present race appeared,  
 Ere tribes of men had built with brick or stone,  
 Against the rocks were boughs and branches  
 reared—  
 Tribes of the olden days thus built a home.

Far down upon the plain and round about  
Corn grew, for toilers and the fighting men,  
Thus to augment the flesh of deer and goat  
Captured amid the forest glade and fen.

The long forgotten tribes that roamed at will  
Have fought and died like dwellers of the  
wood—  
The antlered elk, the wolf that prowled to kill,  
Their age is hid by quake, and storm, and  
flood.

Morn dawns upon the life of man and beast,  
E'en as the daylight follows after night;  
A change to Erin came when from the East  
Trade found these shores, and darkness found a  
light.

I meditate upon this hoary hill,  
Has man so greatly changed these passing  
years?  
The physical doth still exert its will  
The spirit in a kinder light appears.

I hear a bell call to the evening prayer,  
Man meets man in friendlier gesture now,  
And something of the Christian ethics bear—  
A quickened conscience that to duties bow.

What splendid scenes adorn fair Erin's Isle—  
The charm of coast, and plain, and mountain  
grand;  
This view from higher ground mine eyes beguile,  
A sacred altar here might fitly stand.

The hill unseen I muse where Moses went,  
And the mount where the Master went to  
pray—  
Where burdened with redemption's plan He bent  
'Mid solemn quiet from the throng away.

Could I forget Golgotha's hill, on high,  
Its sacrifice was slain for me, for you,  
'Mid cruel scenes, O hear His loving cry,  
"Father forgive, they know not what they do."

## WHAT IS TRUTH ?

What is truth ? asked Pilate—he had not eyes to  
see

Tho' Truth before him stood, in grace and  
majesty ;

The truth he did not know that came from realms  
above,

Nor feel the gracious power, of His redeeming  
love—

The matchless love that lived 'mong men, by sin  
all stained—

He Himself their cleansing, to make them whole  
again.

O Truth that "God is love"—let age and youth  
enshrine,

The spirit guide us all into this truth divine,

Thro' tears or rejoicing, may faith for e'er re-  
main—

Tho' ages pass away, our God is still the same,

The mortal things will fail and crumble into dust,

But the eternal Truth you may for ever trust.

O truth that makes us free in love's eternal ray  
May wisdom guide our path, that peace pervade  
our day,

Let truth with graces shine into each clouded soul,

That tired, sin-sick pilgrims become in Him made  
whole,

All men desire to find the altar of the blest

Where earth's tired toilers may find their peace  
and rest.



The spirit of joy indwells as we grow like Him,  
 And songs of praise shall swell to Him who con-  
   quered sin;  
 Peace—a foretaste here, pervades the air of  
   heaven,  
 And love for ever reigns—’tis vital in this realm,  
 O glorious truth on high amid the sacred light,  
 With hope in Him fulfilled our faith shall then  
   be sight.

O wondrous truth of God—when sin and death  
   had reigned,  
 He died that all by faith in Him should new life  
   gain,  
 O sacrifice of love, the sin-sick soul to heal,  
 We humbly Him adore, who has the new life  
   sealed,  
 And gives the blessed hope, when mortal day is  
   done—  
 Heirs to celestial grace that by His love is won.

O Saviour Friend we come in humble faith to  
   Thee,  
 Heirs of Thy light and love and glorious liberty  
 In gratitude we bring the things bestowed in  
   trust  
 All, all belong to Thee, but sin belongs to us,  
 O marvel of Thy ways that by Thy love attends,  
 Saved by Thy grace, and called—Thy “children,”  
   “heirs,” and “friends.”

## CARES AND SHARES

Amid the cares of toil and sin—  
Perplexed, despairing of the end,  
Striving this or that to win—  
Anxious worry is the trend,  
But peace within the soul may reign  
Tho' under sorrows weight to bend,  
"Casting all your cares upon Him"—  
Him who is your Friend.

Be it withal some anxious scheme  
That truly stirs the heart within;  
Share your burdens, on Him lean  
Amid this world's busy din,  
Before Him bow in humble mien,  
And bring to Him your joy<sup>d</sup> and care,  
Casting all your cares upon Him—  
Him, whom burdens bear.

When sore unrest disturbs your mind—  
A question of a "wrong" or "right"?  
The Master is always kind—  
He will help you see the light,

His willing ear you'll always find  
He'll hear you tho' He's out of sight,  
Freely cast your cares upon Him—  
Be it day or night.

He who walked and talked by the way  
Still by His many voices speak—  
By the blessings day by day,  
And the still small voice entreat;  
A conscious presence as you pray,  
And love that reaches all who seek,  
Casting all your cares upon Him—  
Him who helps the weak.

## WHY I'M HAPPY

Acting my part to-day—  
I know I'll get my pay,  
A kindness shall endure,  
And the reward is sure.

I'm happy, and why not—  
My daily bread I've got  
And raiment fit to wear  
And dwelling in His care?

In Him my joy is found,  
His goodness doth abound,  
Within my heart a song—  
Tuning my life along.

The wondrous things in store  
Upon the happy shore—  
With Him who set me free,  
Paid all on Calvary.

Viewing nature around me  
I'm happy as I see  
The things my Father made,  
Whom earth's foundations laid.

He's rich beyond compare—  
I'm happy as His heir,  
And He has promised much  
Therefore, tho' poor I'm rich.

To dwell o'er Jordan's stream  
After this fitful dream  
Unseen, a glorious sight,  
I'll follow in the light.

I'm happy on the way  
Trusting Him day by day,  
Happy the love to know  
Of Him who loved me so.

## THE SILENT CITY

Behold the minarets and towers,  
With here and there some friendly bowers,  
No traffic noise or jarring sound,  
For all within is hallowed ground.

Herein is laid the silent dead  
Enshrined in memories o'er their head,  
Often recalled their former days  
When in their life trod mortal ways.

And now their pilgrimage has ceased—  
From anxious care they rest in peace;  
Their partings and their heartaches o'er,  
As rest their all o'er Jordan's shore.

Some left the clay amid sore pain—  
Their lot seemed doomed to trials reign;  
Now all their pain is cast away  
In peace they rest in love's kind ray.

Some here, "to dust," whose voices raised  
In swelling notes the songs of praise;  
Tho' silence guard those quiet mounds,  
Yet far above their praise resounds.

Here some are laid whose hopes were high—  
 Who oft held converse with the sky,  
 Now fondest hopes are realised  
 While resting in God's paradise.

That sculptured tomb, that sacred cross  
 In muteness tell of someone's loss—  
 They left the clay for higher things,  
 Up from the dead true life begins.

Beneath those stones with names engraved  
 Lie many memory-honoured graves,  
 Hallowed lives in service given—  
 Great is their reward in heaven.

We contemplate their griefs and tears,  
 Their many doubts and many fears,  
 And now by death they've entered in  
 That fuller life, His courts within.

And so the silent city grows—  
 Beneath are hidden earthly woes,  
 Weep not for them who rest above  
 Rejoicing in the reign of love.

O marvels of this changing sphere—  
 No man is long abiding here,  
 Their day below, its toil and strife,  
 Then called beyond to endless life.

That quiet plot betokens rest,  
 The sun sinks in the silent West,  
 Another mound of broken sod,  
 Another soul returns to God.

## MY GOSPEL

I'm happy as onward I go  
A treading my pathway below,  
There's ever a song in my heart  
Striving to do my little part.

In my life there is hope with wings,  
And I'm looking for better things,  
Knowing angel guardians are near  
I dwell in love that casts out fear.

One time I was burdened within,  
But now I am grateful to Him  
Who carried my burden for me,  
And let me a sinner go free.

So out on life's journey I'm bound  
As joys of the Gospel resound,  
Tho' oft disappointments I feel—  
He knows what is best for my weal.

I'm trusting in Him day by day—  
He's "the life, the truth, and the way,"  
For the things of which I'm possessed  
I thank Him and ask Him to bless.



I'm happy as onward I tread—  
The sun, or the stars overhead  
These witness of Him far above,  
And remind of God's matchless love.

Over hill and valley I roam,  
I know the sure way that leads home—  
The home that is lasting and fair  
My Saviour has gone to prepare.

His grace is so wondrously free—  
The purchase of Calvary's tree,  
This then is my Gospel of joy  
That my praise shall ever employ.

## COUNTRY AND CITY

Will you come with me to the mountain  
 Or to the valley fair,  
 To the babbling stream, or grassy plain  
 Out in the mellow air—  
 Out where the sunshine searches you thro,'  
 And nature's joy-bells ring,  
 Forgetting the care that shadows you—  
 For 'tis a cruel thing;  
 The joy of the hill and plain pursue,  
 And nature's joy you'll sing.

There's joy that dwells in the city there  
 Where man with man engage,  
 In the hurry and worry and flare  
 They write their history's page;  
 'Mid noise and din, and the hum of trade,  
 Men join in keen contest,  
 The city offers to every grade  
 A call to do their best;  
 The centre of commerce here is made  
 At wisdom's sage behest.

Country and city each other feed,  
 Each contribute to all,  
 And in each are done men's noble deeds  
 In each men rise and fall;  
 Some recognise the common weal,  
 Round self some place a wall—  
 And they see not need, nor hear appeal  
 Of hungry children call,  
 Some see the noble and the real  
 In cottage home or hall.

## USEFUL KNOWLEDGE

Any one worth understanding  
Will surely be misunderstood;  
Whether leading or commanding  
Bravely champion right and good.

There will be giants in the way—  
“The sons of Anak,” great and tall,  
And by the arm with which you slay  
May greater foes before you fall !

To train for conquest in your life  
Accept hard knocks and rise again;  
Be not a leader in vain strife,  
But honour right in your campaign.

Know that upon your daily round  
You're never far from the Unseen—  
Each day you tread on hallowed ground  
Where God with man in touch has been.

It should be joy to know He's near,  
And creature may Creator meet—  
To hold communion with Him here  
And be no stranger at His feet.

## A VISION, OR DREAM ?

Much that I would like to say, I have forgot,  
 Such as I remember I will give to you,  
 Yet the full meaning of it all I know not,  
 But this my record is in substance true:

And so I died, and was in the coffin laid  
 My mind lived, heard voices, knew what they  
     said  
 Round the coffin did I linger for three days—  
 Yet to the sorrowing ones I was dead.

For three days a citizen of no country,  
 I longed to comfort those I left behind  
 As I lingered twixt time and eternity,  
 I saw them weep, but they indeed were blind.

With my spirit I discern these things thought I—  
 Then in life some with spirit can discern—  
 As did Paul, and Moses—on Mount Sinai,  
 Here e'en unclothed of flesh is much to learn.

The will is free on earth, and above the same  
     obtain,  
 The Father's light, or gloom and darkness fill---  
 Light when we employ due homage to His name;  
 Glory attained leads on to greater still.

Upon me it dawned how those raised from the  
grave  
Could ne'er speak aught of realms wherein they  
dwelt—  
Three days were they of earth as the ether waves  
Nor joy supernal they, nor grief had felt.

The third day was quiet, and my spirit slept,  
O! the darkness when I from sleep awoke—  
In the midnight gloom I walked, I groped, I crept,  
Is this "outer darkness" that I've provoked?

I thought of all the evil that I had done—  
Downcast, heartsore, all alone with my thought:  
Was this all upon the earth that I had won?  
I thought in deep despair, my mind distraught:

Oh, Saviour, Thou "the light of the world," I  
cried,  
This darkness and despair is not Thy will!  
Mine eyes I lifted upward and gazed on high,  
There was light I saw as upon a hill.

Somehow I knew that this was light supernal,  
As shone the gleam but faintly from above—  
And this indeed—a light from the Eternal,  
My soul rekindled with a wondrous love.

The gloom of darkness passed as a hideous night:  
Alone, forward, onward, upward I went,  
'Twas as yet dim, but holy became the light—  
A sense so wonderful, with rev'rence pent.

Thinking deeply of the valley dark I'd passed,  
 Thought I, do children pass beyond this way?  
 A voice replied—the question yet unasked, 'yes,'  
 "The Master Himself went thro' e'en as they."

The innocent, sinless child tarries not there—  
 Turns to the light as a flower to the sun,  
 They're taught in wisdom as on the earth they  
 were,  
 Upon the Cross was their salvation won.

Still I travelled on, as by the power of will,  
 The light was dawning like as the morning  
 And a joy reigned within; 'twas a wondrous  
 thrill  
 As came strains afar of glorious singing.

An unspeakable joy—one I knew below,  
 Welcomed me to the great garden glorious;  
 O the beauty! the singing! the divine glow!  
 At once I joined the celestial chorus.

Never, never shall I forget the praising—  
 In joy I sang in wondrous full bass voice,  
 "Crown Him Lord of all"—the grand chorus  
 raising,  
 "Worthy the Lamb," in melody so choice.

My voice attuned to song I ne'er heard before  
 In joy, in love, in perfect harmony,  
 'Twas joy to the full upon the happy shore—  
 Here, no voice to sing; there, all melody.

---

I will never forget the joyous refrain  
 Nor the wonderful things I've seen and heard—  
 Light, no flesh can see, and normal sight regain;  
 The wondrous glow where dwells our Saviour  
 Lord.

In gloom I've been, and under the darkest pall—  
 The deep dark vale 'mong those to light un-  
 born,  
 Seen light so bright that blinded the Apostle Paul  
 And saw wherefore his constant fleshy "thorn."

This was to me a vision very truly  
 To give purview of future's joyous gleam,  
 And show to me the things divine and holy  
 But some will surely say—"twas but a dream."

I would I dream it o'er, see and feel e'en more  
 Of that thrill of love and peace shed o'er me;  
 Permit mine eyes again to view yonder shore,  
 Grace attain to see His face in glory.

## A PRAYER

Friend of the friendless,  
O hear their appeal—  
Their cries of distress,  
To men unrevealed.

Thine eyes that behold,  
In pity look down—  
The strayed of the fold,  
On paths of their own.

Behold those in doubt  
Who fear the untried:  
Those driven about  
By wind and by tide.

Meet with those groping  
In fear on their way—  
Searching and hoping,  
Reveal Thy love's ray.

Where faith has small strength  
O help such to see  
Their victory at length  
Bought on Calvary.



## YOUR PRIVILEGE

To know the path you are going,  
And others to point as they roam,  
To sow pure seed that in sowing  
No tares shall await "harvest home."

To live to-day that to-morrow's sun  
Reveal no regrets on your part,  
Something accomplished, something won,  
No sorrow caused another's heart.

To brighten the place gloom prevails,  
And dry all the tears that you can,  
Should one disappoint you and fail—  
Lose not faith in your fellow man.

Should darkness fall—the way obscure,  
Still trust the Great Father above;  
Get right views of things that endure  
From those that the years will remove.

Sow good seed, the harvest you'll reap,  
And garner in love's timeless day,  
You'll walk the vale of shadows deep  
But morn will be lit by love's ray.

## THE LAMB THAT WENT ASTRAY

'Mong the briars and thorns on the wayward  
trail,  
Where the lamb outside of the fold had  
strayed—  
It sought the green pastures that ne'er would fail,  
And peaceful waters its thirst to lave.

It wandered afar on the mountain side,  
And the rays beat hot, and the thorns were  
there,  
And the waters passed had a troubled tide.  
And the world outside was fraught with care!

And the night was dark when the sun went down,  
And a fear o'erspread on its sombre wing,  
Nor peace, nor plenty, nor rest had it found,  
But a void unfilled and conscience sting.

It was hungry, thirsty, unsatisfied,  
Disappointed, a boding fear of night—  
For the jackalls howled, and the night-birds cried,  
In fear it awaited the morning light.

The Shepherd sought for the lamb that was lost—  
To the thorny mount, and the troubled stream  
Thro' the dark dark night, nor counted the cost,  
He searched afar His lamb to redeem.

And the good Shepherd called—and called aloud,  
Till the lamb heard the echoing hills repeat,  
Tho' fearful of heart 'mid the lowering cloud  
It came to the seeking Shepherd's feet.

The Shepherd rejoiced when He found His own,  
Nor reproached withal for its false day dream,  
And the lost was given both rest and home  
'Mid the pastures green, and the living stream.

The Shepherd still calls, "O come unto Me,"  
To the strayed and lost by the world's wayside,  
He calls to the tramelled to set them free,  
To come to His fold, and there abide.

## SELF-EXAMINATION

There comes a day we know not when  
Our estimates and values change,  
In youth, a looking forward then  
The aged look back on time's exchange.

What have I rendered for my years—  
Beside the eager grasp for gain  
Of things that fly and disappear;  
Will aught I've got for aye remain?

Have I been thoughtless on the way  
Nor reckon that my time would end?  
O have I led some one astray—  
On hapless thorny path descend?

And have I tried to spend my day  
As seen by Him who sees us all?  
By service have I shed some ray  
To light another's sombre pall?

Have I upheld the right and good  
In spite of fear of paltry loss?  
Or fear to be misunderstood—  
Am I afraid to own the cross?

Have I withheld both word and deed  
Thro' craven fear of fellow-man—  
Tho' One alone is all my need,  
To do His will should be life's plan.

And as I strive 'mid problems here—  
To aid, or point to Calvary,  
O shall He say when He appear,  
“The service was done unto Me?”

## A MEDLEY OF TRUTH

The heart doth long for something it has not—  
 E'en tho' it be impossible to gain  
 'Tis well that men aspire some better lot,  
 And strive thereto, some greater height attain.

The unvoiced longing of the soul within  
 May yield returns—reaped when this life is  
 done—  
 The soul aspiring some triumphal win  
 May find fulfilment and the victory won.

When love be strong in hearts knit together,  
 And one be taken to the world unseen  
 Know well, the parting is not forever,  
 Nor true love die as tho' it had not been.

The mortal and immortal are entwined—  
 This union thus employed must say "good-bye,"  
 The false will die, the true is as divine—  
 Tho' time may part, true love shall never die.

The partings here we speak as "mysteries"—  
 Be still within, rebellious heart of mine,  
 Cease flowing tears, at one beloved set free—  
 Free from earth's pains, and trials born of time.

The loved we mourn as lost—when deep is love,  
Unseen, departed come in ministry;  
The kindred spirits watch us from above,  
Till too, our eyes behold eternity.

Too oft in our affairs God has no place—  
The hand that rules in love do we ignore!  
'Tis faithfulness to Him—in men and race,  
Will He exalt, or they their lot deplore.

When hearts be sad, and hot the burning tears,  
May faith in Him be strong and hope still  
gleam,  
And love triumphant calm the grief and fears,  
Await re-union, beyond Jordan's stream.

Thus, do I write as school-boy on his slate—  
Some lessons soon erased, and oft forgot;  
But wisdom's lore I write, what e'er its fate—  
Each man himself must choose his part and lot.

## HARMONY OF THE HOME

Within each home peace there should reign,  
And sympathy in family joy,  
What injures one, all feel the pain,  
No cruel word should we employ;  
A caustic word, a biting tongue  
Can rob a life of its due right,  
'Tis tragedy that hearts be wrung,  
And light of joy turned into night.

Some may assume imperious ways,  
And cause resent where love should be;  
Reproving with unkindly phrase  
May kill the joy effectually:  
We're bound to each by unseen ties,  
'Tis well that these remain unstrained,  
And better far to sacrifice  
Than break a tie that should remain.

A broken tie is ne'er the same  
As one unbroke and always strong,  
And one that's stretched by constant strain  
May break one day—perhaps ere long;



The family is the unit's bound,  
For thus 'twas planned by the All Wise,  
Thus love and peace at home be found—  
This duty, each to each applies.

Ere cruel words, think what it means  
to one who's yearning for your love?  
Let kindness shed its mellow beams  
As subdued light from realms above;  
You have the power to make or mar  
The harmony of family life,  
Your deeds and words may reach afar  
And tend to joy, or lead to strife.

## CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE

The innate love to frolic—in the natural child,  
 When <sup>^</sup>sorrow was not poignant—consoled by  
     word or smile,  
 No harassing foreboding, but life a care-free day,  
 With passing anxious moments, 'mid food, and  
     rest, and play.

In course of time came later companions on the  
     way,  
 The greatest thing in life seemed to lead the  
     young and gay;  
 Then O! the joy of conquest—to see admiring  
     eyes,  
 And gain the many plaudits that made the pride  
     arise.

Then twixt youth and manhood's years the serious  
     appeared,  
 When thoughts and doubts would rally—at times  
     gave secret fears;  
 Happy the man who by the Word found he'd been  
     astray,  
 And upon life's daily round has found the living  
     way.

Then when years had passed away, confronting  
    came old age,  
With more than passing interest—he searched the  
    sacred page;  
The future drawing nearer—the hazy past ob-  
    scure,  
When values change for ever—immortal things  
    are sure.

## A SURVEY

My earthly home has joy to me,  
Nor prison-house for I am free;  
My guilt He bore on Calvary—  
A sacrifice upon the tree.

My life has joy within to dwell—  
The love of God, O who can tell,  
I know He doeth all things well,  
Nor dread of Him, nor death, nor hell.

My journey thro' these mortal days  
Has much to fill my heart with praise—  
To see God's hand in loving ways  
Attunes my soul with joyful lays.

O praise the Lord for He is kind—  
Gave power of body, and of mind,  
All craven fear is left behind  
When trusting Him—His peace we find.

With rightful view on things profound,  
The centre is on Calvary found—  
God's wondrous love doth here abound,  
His blood has made it sacred ground.

When I survey the way I've come,  
 The trials, and the battles won;  
 The stress, the pain, the clouded sun,  
 I praise Him now for all He's done.

I look the wilderness I've crossed  
 The conflicts—oft at bitter cost;  
 I look above, see gain, not loss—  
 The triumph of the wondrous Cross.

O praise the Lord whose wondrous hand,  
 Is manifest o'er sea and land,  
 If men could only understand  
 The peace, the joy, at their command.

### AGED

The years that have flown have brought some  
 regrets—

Errors in judgment, and folly in acts;  
 It will not help matters to worry and fret,  
 The flesh is weak—God knows all the facts.

Evening advances, ere joy of morning—  
 Shadows will flee as the mists of the night,  
 Vestments of joy for garments of mourning  
 And "at even-tide it shall be light."

## "THE MASTER IS COME AND CALLETH FOR THEE "

He calls in His gentle accents  
     At the time of morning dew,  
 He calls in the gleaming sunlight,  
     At even He's calling too;  
 He calls at the hour of midnight,  
     A response is surely due,  
 He calls in the light and shadow—  
     The Master is calling for you.

He calls from the days now olden,  
     He calls in love to-day,  
 The weary with heavy burden,  
     The young, and the old and grey;  
 He calls to His peace and pardon—  
     He is "the truth and the way,"  
 He offers to all salvation,  
     The Master is calling to-day.

There is peace for them who trust Him,  
     And joys in the soul indwell,  
 The heart that trusts will praise within  
     With a sense that all is well—  
 The Lord of life has borne the sin,  
     O mystery I cannot tell—  
 I know His peace 'mid this world's din  
     By faith in Him my burden fell.

The Master is come and calls thee  
 He calls you to do His will,  
 He calls to you whom He set free—  
 "My child dost thou love Me still?  
 Then come and work to-day for Me—  
 Some sad life with my joy fill,  
 O tell the world of Calvary—  
 Of Him who trod Golgatha's hill."

## WELL SPENT

The morning to gratefully greet,  
 With heart to give thanks for the day—  
 Opportunity fairly meet,  
 And duty well done while you may.

To act as seen by the unseen—  
 Making right more easy to do,  
 Where right from wrong—a choice between,  
 Be sure that the right's done by you.

Not self alone, but others due,  
 And not for the present alone,  
 To God, your fellow, and self true—  
 You'll meet your deeds when gathered home.

To serve the Lord and your brother  
 Your powers and talents are lent,  
 To make the world better for others  
 Will your day be surely well spent.

## ILL

From fevered brain came memories of the past,  
And lived them o'er again,  
Things long forgot arose in numbers vast—  
The sore trials and pain.  
O cruel world when love is dead in man—  
Sore hearts count not at all;  
Each strive for himself—let him stand who can,  
Tho' some despairing fall.

I thought of things that cut me to the heart,  
And felt again the pain;  
My aching eyes slept not daylight or dark  
As past injustice reigned—  
My weakened mind had magnified the bad,  
Increased all biting stings;  
At last I cried to Him who trials had,  
“Fill me with better things.”

Then I thought of His care that sustained me,  
Of friendships on the way  
That shed a light that was joy to see  
In selfless love's kind ray;  
As the better things in a checkered life  
Passed o'er a weary brain,  
Then a quiet came stealing o'er my sight,  
And peaceful slumbers came.



## ENCHANTMENT OF DISTANCE

Over the hill to the other side  
The curious eye will long to see;  
Over the ocean, across the tide,  
The distant will appeal to thee.

Distance is such an enchanting thing,  
Tho' duties may around us lie,  
The calls afar in the ear may ring—  
At home unheard the cadence die.

That men respond the need at home,  
Keen as the urge that distance brings;  
They hear the peal of the distant dome  
And miss the call that round them rings.

The better we do the things at hand,  
And tend the need that round us lies  
The better servants to other lands,  
Better to serve 'mid other skies.

**"WE WILL REMEMBER THEM"—1914-18**

The anxious hours, and weary days,  
    'Mid sick'ning trench and cannon's roar,  
All, all is past and gone for aye,  
    For our brave boys—their warfare's o'er.

They faced the foe, hunger and pain,  
    Cold and heat, and the ghastly nights;  
All is past—no trenches to gain,  
    They dwell beyond in peace and light.

They've heard their name—a new "roll-call,"  
    Answered "here" with a wondrous thrill,  
Where peace pervades and reigns o'er all,  
    With no more hunger, heat, or chill.

We think of them, but cannot mourn,  
    Yet miss them sore, tho' years have gone  
We think of trials they have borne,  
    Now by His grace their peace is won.

Rest loved ones to battle no more—  
    In immortal peace, won by Blood,  
Where victory reigns on Canaan's shore  
    Nor shell, nor bomb, nor storm, nor flood.

## HIS CAT

He'd seem an atom before you—  
But a sensate speck on this sphere,  
No sage in a spectacted view,  
But a poor tiny boy appears;  
Yet an oracle tried and true  
Nor learnèd philosophy fears.

Only a boy doing odd jobs,  
Nor had dreams of opulence known,  
All he possessed—two or three “bob,”  
And the place he slept he called “home,”  
No mother-love to comfort a sob  
Nor parent to point heaven's dome.

Only a cat, cherished and loved,  
And the creature responded to care,  
He bore its needs, he pushed and shoved  
Thro' the world with its careless stare;  
When day was spent—the moon above,  
He had joy in sharing his fare.

Richer this boy because he loved—  
Tho' 'twas only a common cat,  
For love is planted from above  
And the inner man grows by that;  
Man shrinks within who never loves  
'Twere better to love e'en a cat.

Sharing, loving, our best employ  
In the interests of another,  
Will lift the gloom and bring a joy,  
And ease the load of a brother;  
Service is golden, without alloy,  
In a child, or father, or mother.

## PEACE

The tide rolls on in majesty  
As years pass to eternity,  
Time brings a calm to sea and shore,  
And peace shall reign with turmoil o'er.

The tumult comes, with times of test,  
The weary toil gives zest for rest,  
Troubles and ills of life will cease—  
In place of tumult comes a peace.

As the night precedes the morning  
Faint there comes the light of dawning,  
Plenty follows sore denial,  
Peace succeeds a life of trial.

## GLAD EASTERTIDE

How sad were those whose love He'd won—  
Who saw Him nailed upon the cross,  
And sealed within the rock-hewn tomb;  
O sad indeed their sense of loss!

O joy to loving hearts forlorn—  
The joyful news, "He is risen,"  
'Twas joy upon that Easter morn—  
Nor could tomb e'er be His prison.

O glorious morn when He arose  
Triumphant o'er the sombre grave,  
He rose in victory o'er His foes—  
The Conqueror who came to save.

O wonders of redeeming love—  
He bore our sins on Calvary's tree,  
He is "the way" to realms above,  
To peace, to joy eternally.

O thoughts of Easter touch each heart  
And memories of the Saviour bring;  
Each strive to have some humble part  
In tribute to our Lord and King.

Praise Him who triumphed o'er the grave—  
He's near as in the days of yore,  
Glad Easter sings triumphant praise,  
He lives, and loves for evermore.

## THE OPPORTUNITY OF TIME

Each day that passes you and me  
We know one less shall follow;  
The passing days and nights that flee  
Lead to the vast to-morrow.

Relentless time is on our trail  
Nor waiting for the slothful,  
To idly stand is but to fail  
And add a tale that's doleful.

Time offers all a treasure store  
Of deeds that live for ever;  
Time counts these treasures o'er and o'er,  
Nor from their context sever.

Our time that passes on the wing  
Is knit with the supernal,  
Tho' life seems but a passing thing,  
'Tis linked with the eternal.

Our opportunity is wide,  
For the deeds of love endure  
And live upon the other side,  
Where our reward is sure.

**ISRAEL'S SHEPHERD IS CALLING**

Israel's Shepherd is calling now,  
Let not His call to you be vain—  
He's calling you, I know not how,  
You may not hear His call again.

He's calling you unto His fold—  
One of His flock under His care,  
Calling you as He called of old  
To let Him all your burdens share.

Be not discouraged or afraid—  
You whom He bought on Calvary's tree;  
Your sins were all upon Him laid,  
He bore them all for you, for me.

He calls your faith to rest on Him—  
All you for whom the Shepherd died;  
He calls your grateful heart to win  
And heaven's fold He opens wide.

O anxious one and troubled sore  
O come and find in Him your rest;  
He has been calling o'er and o'er,  
Calling—"Come unto Me and rest."

He's calling you, O hear His voice,  
In love He calls to you anew,  
O take Him as your glorious choice—  
Israel's Shepherd is calling you.

## ANTICIPATION

Beyond the distant star-lit dome, where time  
 counts not by years  
 The Lord who ne'er His children fail will bring  
 His pilgrims home;  
 With sorrow, parting, heart-aches gone — and  
 trials, and our fears,  
 With kindred spirits—all rejoined, 'mid triumph  
 faith has won.

Mother, father, all dear ones there, dwelling be-  
 yond in peace,  
 And faith by sight fulfilled on high, in God's eter-  
 nal care;  
 We'll serve in love glad heaven's King and joyous  
 anthems swell,  
 And vaulted heaven shall resound as songs of  
 praises ring.

Then, heaven's joy anticipate, and think its won-  
 ders o'er—  
 The Father God who made us all becomes our  
 Advocate,  
 He took the burden of our sin—the cruel cross He  
 bore,  
 In love He pleads to all astray, have faith, and  
 follow Him.



O wondrous love has God for man, His mercy  
 reigns o'er all,  
 The earthly path of life He trod, He holds life's  
 hidden plan;  
 True love for ever shall remain—nor memory  
 need recall,  
 And every good impelled by love, becomes our  
 lasting gain.

Love is of God and never dies—must crucify all  
 sin,  
 And when we rise beyond life's span love then  
 shall be more prized:  
 What we have done for fellow men—done thro'  
 the love of Him—  
 When life's star sets to rise again 'twill be remem-  
 bered then.

## STORMS OF LIFE

The tree grows upward toward the sun,  
 But the storm has made it strong,  
 And it is by strife the battle's won  
 Ere we'll sing the victor's song.

## MY ALLOTTED SPAN—A RETROSPECT

And so I have passed the allotted span—  
To-day I've o'erstepped my three score and ten;  
Forgive, should I dwell too much on the past,  
But things long ago in my memory last.

I have now heard the boys calling me "old"—  
I'm weathered and wrinkled by heat and cold,  
And so I accept it—for so it be—  
For this year of grace I'm seventy three.

Once I ran fast, or could jump o'er a gate—  
But now should I try I'd fear my own fate;  
The spirit is strong as I travel along,  
And still in my heart is a thankful song.

The woodlands dense growth I've helped clear  
away—

To the stroke of my axe forest trees lay,  
In place of the woods I've sown fields of grain,  
My back bent to burdens time and again.

I've worked amid stumps and stones on the land—  
Laboured long hours till I scarcely could stand,  
Wrought for my bread by the moon overhead—  
Long hours at work and with short hours in bed.

And as I look back, I've tried do my best  
 That those who follow may have time to rest,  
 They never will know the cost and the toil  
 Of men gone before who broke the first soil.

And now I have felled my last forest tree,  
 The plough has turned its last furrow for me,  
 I have sown and reaped my last field of grain,  
 Nor toil on the farm in sunshine and rain.

I'm grateful to God I yet see the light—  
 The sun by day, and the stars in the night;  
 Tho' the hands may shake, and feeble the knees  
 I still am enjoying life's evening breeze.

In life's eventide I'm happy and free,  
 And freely acclaim His goodness to me—  
 I've had bread to eat and raiment to wear,  
 I dwell in His peace, I live in His care.

## MYSTIC UNION

Time flows, like a stream to the boundless sea,  
 Nor mysteries of life's can mortal <sup>S</sup>decry,  
 Somewhere, time unites to eternity, <sup>^</sup>  
 As a penitent child to love on high.

## CHOICE

Dark is the night of weeping—  
Dreary and dark indeed,  
But light comes in the seeking—  
Supplying daily need.

'Tis darkest ere the morning—  
Ere light is faintly seen,  
Comes morning tints adawning  
And day where night has been.

We all as timid pilgrims  
Walk with uncertain tread;  
There's light for all His children  
To show the path ahead.

We shudder Jordan's waters,  
Afraid the valley dark—  
Tho' oft God lets some loved one  
Meet us when we embark.

He who redeems forsakes not,  
All from earth's sleep awake;  
His blood to cleanse every spot,  
We must appropriate.

All His ways are wondrous ways,  
He leaves us all free will,  
Tho' round His throne angels praise  
The choice He leaves us still.

## THE END—AND ENDLESS

The boisterous gale, and stormy sea—  
 The storm came down, till strong hearts  
     quailed;  
 The winds have ceased—the heart beats free,  
 The gale is now a memory's tale  
 With fear subdued, a voice of song,  
 The anxious hours were not so long.

The trapper on his lone trail goes  
     O'er frost-bound glade and frozen stream,  
 Over the deep and glist'ning snows  
     Where track of wolf or otter's seen;  
 In his hut of logs as flames ascend  
 The long lone trail at nightfall ends.

Backward, and back to childhood's day,  
     Or back unto the days of youth—  
 Days unsettled 'mid toil and play,  
     Or upon manhood's years forsooth—  
 Once seemed a distance far away—  
 But this delusion did not stay.

'Mid toil and moil for daily bread  
     When sombre days had om'nous frowns;  
 Or, bright the day—a smile o'erhead,  
     Those busy days 'mid sights and sounds,  
 The time withal was not so long  
 Till came the hour of evensong.

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One entity shall never end,  
 Nor time efface, corrode or wear,  
 No mortal mind can comprehend  
 'Mid life's decay—seen everywhere,  
 The past, present, and time to be,  
 Its mystic name—eternity.

### WHEN WE'LL BEHOLD HIM

Gone the mysteries of old  
 When we've come to His fold  
 There all partings be o'er  
 On the glorious shore,  
 When we'll behold Him.

With the spirits of light  
 Amid joy and delight,  
 With no harassing care,  
 And no sorrow be there,  
 When we'll behold Him.

There the weary shall rest  
 In the home of the blest,  
 Where life's pleasure and pain  
 Will He there make them plain,  
 When we'll behold Him.

There all darkness be past  
 When we're safe home at last,  
 And we'll praise and adore,  
 And will love evermore,  
 When we'll behold Him.

## MY ANCESTRAL HOME—SILVERWOOD

Fickle is fortune in time's passing years,  
 Former conditions have all disappeared;  
 Now faded the glory of former days—  
 There's nothing that's mortal continues **always**:  
 Once Richard McGinnis of Ulster—famed,  
 From this old estate, with a strong arm reigned  
 This strong ruling chieftain, both brave and bold,  
 Thro' change of fortune this old centre sold.

In this same old house was my father born,  
 Where his boyhood day spent its rosy morn;  
 These walls heard the sound of his childish cry,  
 And in after years heard him say "good-bye"—  
 'Twas convention deep, and convention strong  
 Sent awry his plans—tho' he was not wrong,  
 But father and son—from the social plane,  
 Held heated converse, and ne'er met again.

It is here that grandfather spent his life  
 'Mid his large family, and his troubles rife;  
 What change these walls witnessed since long  
     ago,  
 What secrets concealed, what joy, and what woe;  
 How checkered the years on time's passing **trail**  
 Could history but tell all its changeful tale;  
 He battled in life for what he thought best  
 When spirit was called to immortal rest.

And great grandfather too, this old house owned—  
 From service abroad chose this for his home;  
 These walls know secrets far better untold,  
 May they lie buried, forgotten and cold:  
 And here did military pomp obtain,  
 With emblems of office, and spoils of campaign,  
 Here did his swords once bedeck this old hall,  
 But he, as a soldier, answered "Roll-Call."

We've walked in meadows where forefathers  
 trod—

Past generations have walked o'er this sod,  
 We've sat in the shade of trees that they loved—  
 Listened as they to the voice of the dove;  
 Things ancestors cared, now hold small esteem,  
 We're careless to please because they're unseen—  
 We feel they view with a sense not of yore,  
 Since values are changed over Jordan's shore.

Some trophies are here, in merit they gained—  
 Things that were valued and proudly obtained:  
 Here are diplomas of M.D. procured,  
 This scroll tells of Holy Orders secured,  
 This urn tells of lives that bravely were saved—  
 Rescued by stealth, in a siege, from the grave;  
 Since these men were young, what change does  
 time scan—

God only is changeless in all His plan.

These trophies here, speak of years spent in war—  
 Some epaulets, gold braid, with medal and bar,  
 Swords too, and sabres, and spears of long past;  
 Hushed now is battle, and peace reigns at last:



Trophies of game from a far distant plain  
 And beasts of the mountain—we cannot name;  
 Tokens of travel in some foreign land—  
 Emblems and tokens in mute witness stand.

Little I'll leave to proclaim I've lived here—  
 Lest haply some pilgrim hold memory dear;  
 O! how much we owe to some gone before,  
 Their deeds and their worth outstretch sea and  
     shore,  
 Those lives that were upright, steadfast and true  
 They have spanned times' vista the long years  
     thro',  
 And left an influence, a memory, a grace  
 That illume our path in this mortal race.

Can I withall, justify domicile  
 As here I sojourn, and dwell for a while;  
 Is something accomplished, some victory won  
 To receive reward by the Master's "well done"?  
 No trait have I that entitles to fame,  
 Naught to hand down to emblazon my name;  
 All I can claim ere I rest 'neath the sod,  
 Is, "one who has laboured and trusted in God.

## THE OLD MAN'S FEARS—

*(AN INCIDENT IN THE PARK)*

The old man said as he spoke to me  
 "I have seen over eighty years,  
 The flight of time I regret to see,  
 For death to me is fraught with fears."

"I'm afraid to die," the old man said,  
 I am unprepared for the sky—  
 When I read the Word I'm more afraid  
 For I see I'm unfit to die.

In reply to him—my agèd friend,  
 "Our God sees us all from above,  
 He knows your years, and fears of the end—  
 In His pity He looks in love:

On the cross He died for you and all—  
 And death is nature's gate to life,  
 With trust in God there's naught to appall,  
 And you may quell your inward strife.

The Saviour of men is real and true,  
 And His love will illume the gloom,  
 And love in your heart will guide you thro'  
 To realms of light beyond the tomb.

For He bore your sins on Calvary  
 He asks of you, have faith in Him  
 Faith shows you light for eternity  
 And light of love shall ne'er grow dim.

Can not you love Him who loves you best  
 And in His boundless love believe,  
 Your love in response He'll surely bless  
 And perfect love will fear relieve."

### STILL REMEMBERED—AT THE CENOTAPH

Again we stand and bow the head  
 Remembering our honoured dead—  
 Remembered still at many a hearth  
 Who left the troubled scenes of earth.

They gave response to country's call,  
 Tho' well they knew that some would fall;  
 Forward they went by night and day  
 With good-byes said they marched away.

Their names on monumental shaft,  
 And graven deep on hearts bereft;  
 Forward they marched with loyal heart,  
 And bravely have they done their part.

"The Last Post" sounds—the trumpet call,  
 A reverent silence falls o'er all;  
 The sun is sinking in the West  
 While sounds the dirge to those at rest.

Rest on, brave boys, across the tide,  
 One day we'll join the other side,  
 When this our mortal journey's o'er  
 We'll join with you, where war's no more.

## ADVANCE

We proudly boast of our modern times  
And the great advance, almost sublime—  
From viewless air of a distant land—  
We catch the sound, as a voice at hand—  
Like the powers above, beyond the sky  
Catch thought vibrations passing by.

Our science reads like a fairy rhyme—  
Up in the air, and down in the brine,  
The conquests of each that now prevail  
Outshine the glamour of mystic tale,  
And men who probe in the earth and sea  
Reveal the great infinity.

In chemistry there's advance, a pace—  
And harnessed to serve the human race,  
With a wondrous light, can penetrate  
Thro' flesh and bone to reveal their state;  
Or can make a ray—like evil eye,  
Within its range all wither and die.

A gas, by science, can null man's pain,  
Another, with death clothe city and plain,  
Something of good to duly extoll,  
And advance in evil which appall,  
In man there seems two natures to reign—  
One, divine, the other profane.

In surgery there is true advance—  
 In former days, that let to chance,  
 With lancet and skill from death now save,  
 And the surgeon's skill we duly praise—  
 Herein reigns good from the source divine  
 Proclaims progress along this line.

We contemplate new things—presumed,  
 And believe we bask in science noon;  
 We measure sun and moon and star  
 Withal, can we claim men better are,  
 Does it help men build the higher life  
 Or solve the problem of war and strife?

To what does our modern science lead?  
 To increase of ease, and more dire need?  
 With the increase both of need and ease  
 It cannot this world's wants appease—  
 Nay, there's something needed more than ~~this~~  
 To usher in the age of bliss.

Greater by far than science and art  
 Some means to transform the human heart—  
 The greatest of all that we can see  
 Is, "Take up the cross and follow Me"—  
 The only cure for the world's unrest,  
 To own Him Lord, His cross man's crest.

## SOMBRE OR BRIGHT

When the future ahead be gloomy,  
 And we walk with uncertain tread,  
 And the sky is sombre and looming  
 With no gleam of hope overhead;  
 'Tis thus could we picture life dreary  
 When the love of God is unknown—  
 With no hope of rest for the weary,  
 Or the prospect of peace and home.

There is light to dispel life's darkness  
 While we live our days and years,  
 And its gleam will reveal life's gladness  
 With the future shorn of its fears;  
 We tread not in gloom when we trust Him—  
 The penitent past forgiven,  
 When the light of His love shines within  
 Hope lights the pathway to heaven.

He carried the load of sin for us,  
 He tells each by name it is done,  
 There's joy in the soul whq in Him trust  
 Assured of His blessings to come,  
 The Lord would have His children rejoice,  
 And His mercies freely proclaim,  
 There's joy in life when He is the choice—  
 Let us sing to His glorious name.

## LIFE

Round life are great perplexities—  
We see them everywhere,  
With mystery in its casualties  
And prospects not all fair.

The mists and sunshine on the way  
We may not understand,  
But help is given day by day  
E'en from an unseen hand.

Some live in fear of disaster—  
Nor trust the hand of Love,  
And they quake at the hereafter,  
They fear the call above.

O! that man might catch the vision  
Of Him that's ever nigh,  
Hear the call and make decision  
To register on high.

The beauty of His face to see—  
Once marred by cruel men,  
See Love's triumphant victory  
As told by sacred pen.

Then what have we to fear below  
Who trust His wondrous grace,  
In confidence we onward go,  
One day to see His face.

## RURAL SCENES

The landscape beauty of the scenes—  
The sun illumines the hill and dale,  
The trees and lawns of living green—  
Such rustic graces here prevail.

As nature's beauty we admire  
It stirs a sense akin to love,  
The heart emotions lifting higher  
That tell of mystic power above.

When we behold the lake or sea  
The artist's soul is stirred within—  
With mountains in the background seen  
Must surely admiration bring.

Here nature's pictures rich and rare  
In beauty changing with the sun,  
There's naught in art can we compare  
With what creation's hand has done.



## SPRING TIME

The plowman toiling in the field  
Preparing for a harvest yield,  
The cattle on the pasture lands,  
The playful antics of the lambs,  
The birds upon their joyful wing  
As merrily they chirp and sing.

The airy attire of the town—  
The linen awnings, up and down,  
Bare-footed children at their play  
In that happy blithesome way,  
The buzzing fly, the humming bee,  
Life awakes in flower and tree.

The chilly tinge has left the air,  
And now a mellow atmosphere,  
The long night's gone, the lengthened days,  
A something calls within to praise,  
A gladness in every clime;  
These, these proclaim the glad spring-time.

## WAITING

*"There's history in all men's lives."—Shakespeare*

I'm waiting alone at the close of the day,  
The sunshine has faded to gleam far away,  
I think of past years, and of days overcast—  
My heart is still yearning, the sweet and sad past,  
Oh fate, cruel fate tried the cords of my heart—  
Called the light of my life, my loved to depart.

The years have departed, I journey alone,  
The sorrow of parting no respite has known;  
Only a letter by the hand that was dear,  
The ring from a finger, oft wet with a tear,  
A token presented, inscribed with my name—  
Will love death has severed, rekindle again?

My soul ever longing, my heart still aflame,  
I'm sure when reawakened, I'll call the dear name,  
I'll go thro' the shadows to yonder blest shore,  
Love's story long silenced I'll tell o'er and o'er;  
So, awaiting God's pleasure to beckon me home,  
Where loved ones long parted, together shall  
    roam.

## NOT DEAD—BUT GONE BEFORE

Not dead, Oh no! but borne beyond the shadows  
 Into the full clear light;  
 Forever done with mist and cloud and tempest  
 Where all is calm and bright.

Not even sleeping—called to glad awakening  
 In Heaven's endless day;  
 Not still and moveless—stepped from earth's  
 rough places  
 To walk the King's Highway.

Not silent—just passed out of earthly hearing  
 To sing the glad new song  
 Not lonely—dearly loved and dearly loving  
 Amid the white-robed throng.

No, not forgetting—keeping fond remembrance  
 Of dear ones left a while;  
 And looking fondly to the glad reunion  
 With hand-clasp and with smile.

Oh no, not dead—but past all fear of dying,  
 And with all suffering o'er;  
 Say not that I am dead when Jesus called me  
 "To live for evermore." ANON.



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